ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 2. NO. 41. ARLINGTON, MASS., JULY 14, 1900. TWO CENTS

STILL AT THE TOP!

Fish of All Kinds in their season

We are the only, only. Do not be deceived by these so-called alluring advertisements calculating to give wrong impressions. Please bear in mind that our facilities for catering to the public of Arlington and vicinity are of the best, and no one has any better. Of what interest is it to the customer whether the goods are delivered from chopped ice, fish cart or automobile. Our only aim is to serve the public with nothing but the best of all kinds of fish in their season.

W. H. Webber & Son.

Telephone 48-3. Ring us up!

A. E. BOWER. F. C. BOWER.

Arlington Wood Working Co.,

MILL ST., ARLINGTON.

Mantels, Drawer Cases, Hall and Window Seats

CABINET MAKING.

Stair Work. Sawing and Turning.

Store and Office Fixtures.

DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS.

Porch Columns, Brackets and Balusters.

Greenhouse Stock and Hot-bed Sash.

GENERAL REPAIRING.

A postal will be answered personally for details of work. may26 1y

PICTURE FRAMES. CRAYONS.

Litchfield Studio

655 Mass. Ave., Arlington, Mass.

PHOTOS. WATER COLORS.

H. B. JOHNSON,

Steam and Hot Water Heating,

Greenhouse Contractor, Steam Pump Repairer, etc.

PIPE AND FITTINGS FOR SALE AT BOSTON PRICES.

BRADWAY AND WINTER STS., ARLINGTON.

Boilers Re-tubed. Artesian Wells. Wind Mills. Roofing.

☞In all work contracted for the latest devices and most approved appliances are used and ersonal attention given to every job. Estimates furnished on contracts of any amount and satisfaction guaranteed. Sept30,1y

MRS. MARGARET DALE

Hammocks of all kinds for the summer at low prices.

House and Kitchen Furnishings,

610 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE.

TELEPHONE, 55-4 ARLINGTON.

WANTED,

25 Second-hand Bicycles in trade for the 1900 Orient.

MOSELEY'S CYCLE AGENCY,

FOWLE BLOCK, ARLINGTON.

BEDDING PLANTS, CUT FLOWERS AND FUNERAL DESIGNS

AT

W. W. Rawson's,

Cor. Medford and Warren Sts., Arlington. mar17

For a good suit of clothes and a guaranteed fit, go to

J. J. LOFTUS,

the leading tailor

Spring & Summer Goods Now In

Repairing Neatly Done.

Ladies' tailoring.

Sherburne Building, Arlington

Arlington News.

The second of the series of band concerts came off Monday evening on the float of the Arlington Boat club. It is estimated that there were about 2000 people on the shores, and on the boat house verandahs and floats.

Professor Towne and his band rendered excellent music, but the wind, being strong, wafted the sound on the other side, while those on the shores could not hear distinctly the softer and more musical parts.

We heard dissatisfaction expressed on all sides, and hundreds went away greatly disappointed. From our point of view, and we have several hundred sympathizers, it was a great mistake in having these concerts on the pond, for should the wind happen (and it is likely to) to blow as it did on Monday evening not only is the band working at a disadvantage in playing their selections, but the throngs of people do not hear enough of it to be of any great benefit. There were many from out of town who came here to make a noise and were at times very unruly. The following is the concert program as fusnished us by Bandmaster Towne:

March, "Singing girl," Herbert
Selection, "Blue and the Grey," Chattaway
Two-step, "Dinah from Carolina," Keiser
Waltz, Danube waves," Ivanovica
Selection, German comic opera, arr. by Laurendeau
"Ma tiger lily," Broadway to Tokio
Medley, "Popular songs," arr. by Peyer
Selecction, Southern melodies
Rag-time two-step, "Policy Sam," Glascian
Finale, national airs

Two excellent crossings are being laid on Lake and Winter streets by Supt. Pond of the sewer department. The crossings are of petrified brick, stamped "Metropolitan block," from Canton, Ohio. A bed of crushed stone cement is first put in and the bricks are laid in sand over this. They are then filled in and covered with Portland cement, making one of the finest cross-walks to be had.

Camp 45, S of V., have discontinued for their meetings for the summer.

Do not forget the game of ball next Saturday between the old Arlington nine and the Boat Club nine. It will be worth seeing.

Slowly but surely the alterations in the bank block are nearing completion. It has been a slow and tedious job. The same could have been done long ago had the iron work been deliverd on time.

Mr. D. L. Tappan can hardly keep up with his orders for Belmont Crystal Spring water now they keep coming in so fast. The people realize that the water is the finest and purest to drink, therefore his teams are kept busy delivering. Have it left at your house.

Mr. Frank Powers, who had his hand badly burned and fingers taken off on the Fourth, was out this week. His hand is doing finely.

Last week just as we were going to press we received word of the death of Mrs. D. Libby, and the news, although expected, for the Dr. informed us before leaving that he thought the end was near, was nevertheless sad. The Dr. reached his wife's bedside just before the end came. Mrs. Libby was born at Biddeford, Maine, afterwards the family moved to Seaborrough, where the doctor met and married her, and for 25 years they have lived at the home which they lately gave up. For years Mrs. Libby has been an invalid, bearing her affliction with quiet fortitude, such as only a true christian can. Every kindness has been shown by the doctor and everything done to make her life of confinement as happy as possible. Last Sunday the funeral was held at Portland and the remains were interred in the family lot at Biddeford. Many beautiful floral pieces spoke of the love which others had for the deceased. Dr. J. I. Peatfield attended the funeral services.

JOHN J. LEARY,

Rubber-tired Hacks for all Occasions

I have a First-class Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable.

Stable, 428 High Street, West Medford.
Residence, 117 Medford St., Arlington.
Telephone, 37-2 Arlington.

Dr. G. W. Yale,

DENTIST,

At parlors, 14-16 Post-offi e Buildg.

ARLINGTON,

Open daily, also Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings.

WM. ADDISON GREENE, M. D.

688 Mass. Ave., Arlington.

GRADUATE OF DARTMOUTH '96
HARVARD POST GRADUATE '97.

OFFICE HOURS: 8-10; A.M. 2-4 6-8. P.M.

HOME WEDDINGS.

LANE—BASTON.

A pleasant and happy wedding took place at the home of Mr. James Baston of Central street on Tuesday evening. The beautiful bride, Miss Annie M. Baston, was united in the holy bonds of wedlock by Rev. S. C. Bushnell to Mr. Frank E. Lane of Pleasant street. Rarely has a handsomer bride ever stood at the marriage altar to receive the solemn marriage vows.

Early in the morning the decorations of the house were arranged by friends of the bride and consisted of catolpa blossoms, asparagus vines and daisies, the corner in which the knot was tied was filled with this combination. Only the immediate relatives and two very intimate friends witnessed the ceremony.

The bride was elegantly gowned in white sheer muslin, and white valances lace was effectively used as trimming. The greatest simplicity was used in making the gown. The tulle veil was caught up with orange blossoms. The travelling dress was of gray silk mohair.

The dining room table was elaborately spread, from which ice cream and cake was served in excellent form by our popular caterer, N. J. Hardy.

The wedding presents were varied and costly, being composed of solid silver sets and individual pieces, beautiful fancy dishes, elegant pictures, lamps and other useful articles, which showed the bride had many dear friends. The bride's gift from the groom was an elegant pearl pin.

The happy couple departed for a short wedding trip, and when they return to Arlington will reside at the home of Mr. Lane on Pleasant street.

NAZRO—FESSENDEN.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Fessenden 255 Broadway was the scene of a happy wedding on Tuesday eveni g when their daughter Flora E. was united in marriage to Mr. Philip L. Nazro of Cambridge, by the Rev. C. H. Watson D. D. The bride was handsomely attired in white swiss muslin and the tulle veil was fastened with bride roses, a bunch of the same roses being carried by the bride.

The father of the bride had charge of the decorations, and they were indeed beautiful, combining, as they did, roses, asparagus, vines, ferns and various other flower. The ceremony was performed in the bay window under a canopy of green rushes and dainty white flowers. Mr. Fessenden showed great skill in these decorations.

The bride and groom confined their invitations to immediate relatives.

When the wedding march was sounded Messrs. Arthur S. W. Lang and L. W. Brooks, the ushers appeared, followed by Miss Beryl O'Hara, daintily dressed in white, the flower girl, Misses Edna Fessenden and Alma Nazro, carrying wild roses, Miss Etta F. Fessenden, a sister of the bride, who was maid of honor and dressed in dainty organdie, and Mr. B. M. Nezro, the groom's brother, who was best man. Last of all came the bride and groom.

At the reception which followed, and to which 150 invitations had been sent out, Mr. and Mrs. Fessenden received the guests, assisted by Mrs. Nazro.

Caterer Hardy had the dining room table set in an elaborate manner, and ice cream, etc., was served by competent waiters.

The presents were numerous and beatiful and were displayed in a room on the second floor. There were two checks for large amounts, solid silver ware, cut glass, bric-a-brac and pictures. One of the pictures was from the Sunday school class of which Miss Fessenden was a member. The bride's gift from the groom was an elegant diamond brooch. The ushers received pearl stick pins from the groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Nazro left late in the evening for a short wedding trip, rice being showered upon them in large quantities.

The newly married couple will reside at Winthrop for the remainder of the season.

DERBY

DRUGS — SODA

1362 Mass. ave, cor. Park ave.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS

je2tf

ALEXANDER BEATON,

Contractor and Builder,

79 Hibbert street,
Arlington Heights.

ADVERTISE.

The right store on the wrong side,

IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

Everybody wonders

HOW WE CAN SELL GOODS SO CHEAP.

But all agree that we are showing the best goods in town at the very lowest prices, in fact much lower than the same can be bought in Boston.

Men's percale shirts, with 2 detached collars, great variety of patterns, worth 87 1-2c, sale price, 50c

Men's onest quality neglige shirts in all the latest shades, worth \$1.75, sale price, \$1.00

These shirts are made by the best shirt makers, and sold oly at orst-class stores.

Our men's underwear for 50c cannot be duplicated at 75c by any other dealer in town. Ask to see it.

We sell the famous Pilling & Madely hose for men in tan and black for 12 1-2c equal to anything sold at 19c by other dealers.

Large variety of working men's shirts always on hand.

500 yds. of all-linen crash, sold in Boston for 8c, sale price per yd., 5c

Summer corsets, 23c

Corset covers, V-shaped neck, trimmed with fine linen lace, medici pattern, worth 50c, for this week, 29c

White lawn shirt waist, always sold for \$1.00, will be sold this week for 50c

Colored percale waists, worth 75c, marked to close 37 1-2c

Wrappers made of fine percale, perfect fitting, wide skirts, worth \$1.00, will be sold this week for 69c each

Ribbon Bows made free of charge.

D. F. COLLINS,

472 Mass. avenue, Swan's Block, Arlington.

PLEASANT SURPRISE.

Mr. Charles Beauchman was given a pleasant surprise, last Tuesday evening, at the home of Mr. M. V. Marcotte, on Russell terrace, where he resides.

Mr. Heury LaPorte was the prime mover in the affair, while Mr. Frank O'Callahan was chosen and acted as master of ceremonies, and during the evening an elegant fancy parlor desk was produced, and in a few pleasant and appropriate remarks presented Mr. Beauchman with the same, to which he appropriately responded.

During the evening there were vocal solos, piano and violin solos. The vocal solos were by C. F. Dacey of Charlestown, Miss Wing of Lexington, Mrs. Beauchman, Mr. Walbridge of South Boston and Miss Prendergast. Mr. Fred W. Derby played violin solos in his usual artistic manner, Messrs. Charles, Frank and James Ford rendered vocal numbers, Miss Lottie Eastman and Mrs. Lucy J. Butler gave piano solos, while Miss Butler was the accompanist of the evening. Mr. Joseph Law gave an exhibition cake walk. Mr. Beauchman was at loss what to make of the affair when the guests, some 150 in number, announced it was a surprise to him, but he soon recovered and made all feel at home.

Among those present from out of town were: Misses Bibault, Rose Loma, Lowell; Mrs. Henry Casey, Mr. George Voselle, Dr. and Mrs. Moll, Dr. W. Brosseau LaBonty, Mr. G. A. Authier, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gladu, Cambridge; Mrs. Joseph Varney, Lynn, Mr. J. McKenzie, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

A small attendance was at the game, Saturday, to see the home team knock two pitchers practically out of the box. The Harvard 2d team came here determined to do or die—they died hard—but "Kid" Rankin had no thought of their so doing, and pitched one of his steady winning games. The visiting pitchers were batted at will, and Rankin and Loran put the ball over the wall for a home run. It was evident the visitors had a better idea of the Boat club team's ability. The score:

A B C	bh	po	a	e	Harvard 2d	bh	po	a	e
Loughlin m	1	1	1	0	Stewart m	0	4	0	2
Saul 2	1	1	5	0	Webb 2	1	1	5	1
Gray s	1	0	2	0	Christensen 1	2	0	0	0
W Clark'n 3	1	4	1	1	Story 3	3	6	0	2
H Wood l	1	0	0	0	Saunders s	1	0	1	0
Rankin p	2	0	2	0	Hill c	1	4	2	1
Loran r	0	1	1	0	Ropes 1	0	9	0	1
Stearns 1	1	13	0	0	Claak r	0	0	0	0
E Wood c	1	7	0	1	McDonald p	1	0	3	0
Totals	9	27	12	2	Totals	9	24	11	7

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
A B C	0	0	1	0	1	5	2	1	—	0
Harvard 2d	0	0	3	0	1	0	0	0	0—	4

Runs made, by Lane, Gray, W Clarkson, H Wood, Rankin 3 Loran, Stearns Webb, Christensen, Story, McDonald. Two-base hits, E Wood, Story 2. Home runs, Rankin 2, McDonald. Stolen bases, Saul, Gray, Clarkson 2, Stearns, Saunders, Hill. Bases on balls, Clarkson, Stearns, E Wood. Struck out, by Rankin 6, by McDonald 4. Wild pitch, McDonald. Umpire, Duffy. Time 2h 15m.

CYCLONE'S WORK.

A short but destructive gale, with a heavy downpour of rain, visited the town Thursday evening at about 5.30, and while it lasted caused considerable damage. Large limbs of trees were blown off.

The Adventists' tents in the lower end of the town lay directly in the path of the cyclone, and the main tent and several of the small tents were blown down and the canvas badly torn. Elder Farnsworth's description of the cyclone was that it looked like a thick cloud of soft coal smoke, whirling round and round with great velocity, and when it passed it entirely enveloped the whole camp, so that no object was visible for a minute or more. The poles supporting some of the tents were snapped off. It will require considerable labor to repair and get the tents in place again. The large tent was repaired and raised again last evening, and services are being held today as usual.

Elder Farnsworth is a most affable man to meet as well as his brothers and their families who are staying on the grounds during the services being held daily.

Special Notice.

The use of water through hose for lawns, flowerbeds, washing windows, and sprinkling streets, is limited to one and one-half hours between the hours of 5 and 8 a. m. and one and one-half hours between the hours of 5 and 8 p. m.

GEORGE W. LANE,
PETER SCHWAMB,
GEORGE P. WINN,
Water Commissioners.

July 7, 1900. 4t

Office of the

Board of Health.

Arlington, June 27, 1900.

On and after June 10, 1900, unless in each case a special permit is first obtained from the Board of Health, odorless apparatus must be used in emptying cesspools and privy vaults, and persons so employed therefor must be duly licensed to conduct such business.

EDWARD S. FESSENDEN,
EDWIN P. STICKNEY, M. D.,
EDWIN MILLS,
Board of Health.

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ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

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F. H. GRAY, PUBLISHER.
WILSON PALMER, EDITOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 wk.	2 wks.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 yr.
1inch,	75c.	$1.00	$1.50	$2.50	$4.00	$6.00

Additional inches at same ratio

Advertisements placed in the local colusm 10 cents per line.

Help and situation wants, for sale, to let, etc., 12 1-2 cents per line; nothing taken less than two lines.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Nowhere does the brotherhood of man stand out so prominently as in the country. There is a strong bond of sympathy existing between those residing far back in the rural districts. Wherever nature asserts herself, there will you find that life touches life at every vital point. In the country no one waits for an introduction, so that no time is lost in getting at one another. Informality pervades the whole atmosphere. One's life away from the city and the large town is as free as that of the birds. The passer-by upon the highway gives you recognition at once, so that you feel you have met a brother. In the great, big, open world, just as God made it, there are no favored "sets" in social life. All are on the same level. There is indeed a community of feeling in remote and sparsely settled neighborhoods that cannot be found in our populated centers. It is a somewhat singular fact that that man is most alone who is surrounded by the teeming multitude, while he enjoys a royal companionship when apart from the crowd. This fundamental truth we keenly and pleasantly appreciate, this morning, as we write this editorial in our summer home, with the everlasting mountains looking down upon us so benignly. We cannot quite understand why men and women will so readily flock to the city, there to wear out their lives in struggling for a livelihood, when the country offers these same men and women a home where one's daily wants may be supplied at first cost. As we were making our way to the postoffice the other morning, three miles distant, we came across a farmer, who with the most delightful surroundings was hilling up his corn. We brought our horse to a stand-still that we might exchange our "good morning" and have a chat with "the man with a hoe." After a little talk of the mountains and of these clear, genial skies, we asked our newly-made acquaintance the size and cost of his farm. In reply he said: "I paid five hundred dollars for my seventy-five acres of mother earth, with this convenient, comfortable house and barn, as you see. "My farm," he continued, "yields me something more than a living, so that I am a good deal contented," The farmer's wife and daughter we met, and, to all appearances, a happier household we have never seen. On all sides there was apparent contentment. No hurrying in the morning to catch the early train for an uncertain business day. No anxiety for the first issue of the morning paper to see the ruling of the stock market. Everything in and about that five-hundred-dollar farm was peace and contentment. The truth is, our farmer friend is more independent with his seventy-five acres of land, at a cost of five hundred dollars, than a business man in Arlington can be with his fifty thousand dollars; and it must not be forgotten that with all this he comes into touch with that daily, simple life of his neighbor that binds and makes one the the mutual interests of his little community. As we bid our friend "good bye" and jogged along our way, we asked ourselves why will not men and women everywhere keep themselves in direct line of God's generous plan, and so sing and be happy as they make their way through life?

The difficulty is, that the most of us have the vainest of desires to get ahead of each other in all social and business life. We want the best seat in the church, and this, too, on the popular side of the church, and we must have the most taking turn-out in the village, and live in a swell front house on the most fashionable street in the town, so that the man of the house is compelled to "keep his nose to the grindstone" all the while that his fa ily may "keep up appearances." God pity us all for the sham lives we are living. In our hurry and scramble we are missing the best in nature that God has to give. So get into the country, and till the soil, under skies that are the bluest and the most genial, to put ourselves within hearing distance of the singing of the birds, to be in the open field, where we may listen to the murmuring of the brook—all these are the loving gifts of nature which we all may enjoy if we will but answer the ever beckoning call. And, beside, we then shall appreciate to the full that fraternal relationship which is so closely allied to country life. Our Arlington readers may be sure that just at present we are singing of the country, having for an audience all nature in attentive mood.

NOT EASILY EXPLAINED.

It cannot be easily explained how Senator Hoar could have spoken in such complimentary terms at Marshfield, the other day, of McKinley and his administration, when within the past three months he has said in public speech over and over again that McKinley's rule of the Philippine islands was rapidly drifting towards anarchy. The honorable senator has reported and re-reported that our republican government is in imminent danger under the present administration of affairs, and yet Senator Hoar says that President McKinley will have no more loyal supporter in his candidacy for re-election than he will be. The difficulty or misfortune in our American politics is that a narrow partisanship rules our public men. The officer-holder is reluctant to break away from his party whenever it may be in the wrong on some great vital principle. Just think of Senator Hoar voting for a public official when, as he declares, the fundamental idea of republican rule has been and is ignored under his administration of affairs. Neither ex-Gov. Boutwell or the honorable senator can vote for Mr. McKinley, it seems to us, without giving the lie to their previous criticisms of the chief executive in Washington. We shall be glad if the time eve. comes when all party lines shall be so set aside and wiped out that men in the political world will dare to do right when they come to the ballot box. Senator Hoar's words at Marshfield are strangely at variance with the earnest protest that he has entered against the national administration.

"ALL THINGS ARE AT RISK."

"Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker upon this earth, then all things are at risk." But there are comparatively few people who do real genuine thinking, so a good degree of safety is assured from the start. Did you ever count up the men and women in your home community who do their own thinking? If so, you have necessarily been surprised that it was with difficulty that you succeeded in finding a "baker's dozen." To think is one of the rarest virtues. Naturally men and women are intellectually lazy. The most of us are a good deal willing that other people shall do our thinking for us, provided we can somehow manage to steal the glory of doing it for ourselves. There are those who are attempting to instruct in our public schools and through the public journal who seldom if ever beget an original thought and who as seldom read an instructive book. We know of newspapers that never in the slightest way indicate through their columns that the library has been consulted for information which rightfully belongs to the reading public. The most of us, so far as mind is concerned, get along in a slipshod way. It takes courage to think and then give a manly expression to the thought. The majority of us are intellectual cowards, not daring in most instances to run butt against the preconceived notions and opinions of our neighbors. But now and then, thank God, there comes along a thinker who insists upon the right to be heard, although the hearers may thereby fall. The apostle Paul was such a thinker, and he invariably had the courage of his thought. He dared do things, let what would come. "Thou whited sepulchre" was the address he gave to every cheat and fraud.

Philips, Garrison and many others in anti-slavery days did their own thinking, and this too at great personal inconvenience and cost. It is true and it has been so proven over and over again that when the thinker is let loose all things are indeed at risk. Such a one is the disturber of that sluggish peace which means intellectual death. We all so love to go along in the same old beaten way that it is difficult for us to get out of the ruts. A new idea charms us; we regard its coming as an innovation. Nowhere in all God's world is there so little thinking done as by us country editors. We do not show ourselves disloyal to our profession in this declaration, we but state a fact of which we are greatly ashamed. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is a righteous judgment. Just read the average country newspaper for yourself, and then you will agree with us in our criticism of country journalism. The cry of us country scribes is "give the locals," and this cry we make so excessive that we come to place quantity before quality in our columns. The query has unfortunately come to be, "is the paper filled?" rather than "are its columns instructive?" Our readers ask for bread and we give them a stone. What imposition and fraud are oftentimes perpetrated on the public by country newspaperdom. May God forgive us if the time shall ever come when we shall not have the courage or disposition to do and give our best to our readers. It isn't enough that the newspaper secures a long list of subscribers and has its columns well filled with advertisements. While all this is well, there must be something more if the public journal is to do its proper work. We wish with all our heart that the great God would more frequently than now let loose a thinker amongst us country editors. We need stirring up. We need now and then an original idea shot into us. It doesn't so much matter that more or less frequently some one may object to the way we put things, and so stop his paper. We have our work to do, and we are cowards if we dare not do it in a manly way. Let us have the courage to think for ourselves, and then speak without let or hindrance.

THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

The national democratic ticket to be supported for the presidency and vice-presidency at the coming November election is, on the whole, the strongest that the democracy could have nominated. Bryan, who has no second as a leader, is a man of recognized ability and honesty. He is one of the people, and is very near to the masses in every interest belonging to them. He has a clear conception of Jeffersonian democracy, and he has the courage to say so. He dodges no issue in which he believes. His persistence in adhering to the 16 to 1 ratio is evident proof of his belief in what he regards as right. Mr. Bryan at the head of the ticket will create no less enthusiasm than he did four years ago. Mr. Stevenson, as the running mate of Bryan, will add strength to the ticket. Mr Stevenson is a democrat through and through, and as the presiding officer of the United States senate under Cleveland he endeared himself to all alike. The ticket is, in our estimation, an excellent one.

The Kansas city convention was in marked contrast to that so recently held by the republican party in the city of Philadelphia. In Kansas City every delegate had his say. No veto was put on the lips of any member of that representative convention. It was in itself a grand type of the democracy. But how strangely different with our republican friends at Philadelphia! There, only the bosses were allowed to speak. In the republican convention the "machine" was in full operation. Things there went just as Platt had planned. No opinion was expressed in the city of Philadelphia until the leader had been consulted. It is one of the fundamentals that each individual of the national democracy shall be and act himself in all that constitutes a sovereign rule. We have read from beginning to end the platform adopted by the Kansas city convention, and can heartily say amen to it all unless it be the 16 to 1 ratio, but this has been made of secondary importance in the enunciation of the leading questions of the hour. What the democracy says of imperialism and trusts is nothing other than God's truth. Why should any of us be so blindly partisan that we cannot recognize the fact so apparent to everybody? The present administration has done precisely what it said it would not do when McKinley was inaugurated as the chief executive of the nation. While no one is disposed to question that President McKinley means to do right, still it is painfully apparent that he has been turned and twisted in all sorts of ways until he has come out at a point for which he did not start. Backbone is what we need in the administration of our public affairs. We know of but three public men in this country who stand out prominently in their own individuality, and those are Grover Cleveland, Tom Reed and Wm. J. Bryan. This trio had "rather be right than to be president." "Facts are stubborn things." and they will not down.

Another admirable feature of the democratic convention was the coming together of all the delegates of that eminent gathering when the nomination had been made. David B. Hill never showed himself to better advantage than he did in seconding the candidacy of William J. Bryan, and promising him the supp rt of the democracy of New York. And so it was with all who spoke for the several states.

Now the fight is on, and there will be a measuring of swords. Face to face, the two great parties will bring their heaviest guns to bear on each other. The coming campaign will be no make-believe fight. Before the final vote is cast in November there will be lots of serious thinking done by the people. Party lines will be broken in many instances. "I stand upon my record" will not be the boast of the intelligent voter. The country will not go to wreck and ruin in the case of the election of Bryan and Stevenson, and everybody knows it. The republican party will have to plan and work most adroitly to get up a scare in the on-coming campaign. We are glad that the time has come in the political world when men dare do their own thinking. Now, some better reason must be given for being either a democrat or a republican other than that the father was a democrat or a republican. No one in a country like ours has the right to cast other than an intelligent vote. The ballot is not put into our hands to please Tom, Dick and Harry, but to satisfy our own individual consciences.

While the Enterprise has no disposition to dictate how any man shall vote, still we do not hesitate to advise and urge that now if ever there shall be taken an earnest survey of the field, so that we may approach the polls in November with a clear understanding of the "situation."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The ice bill has been signed by the governor, Now for five cent pieces.

Somerville had an explosion of an oil tank on Thursday evening, causing one death and injuring 60 people. The loss will be heavy.

The Chinese horrors continue to come in and yet the worst has not been told.

The campaign is open for business and it looks as though there would be plenty of it.

Last night, for the sake of a girl, a few young men of Clelsea and Noodle island engaged themselves in a free fight, with wholesale arrests.

"Divine Healer" Francis Truth has been let down easy by the courts, only a fine of $2,500 being imposed.

The Cuban teachers will not, we are afraid, carry home with them a very good impression of the Yankee way of doing business judging from the way some of them have been delt with.

MARRIED.

LANE-BASTON.—In Arlington, July 10, by the Rev. S. C. Bushnell, Frank E. Lane and Annie M. Baston.

NAZRO-FESSENDEN.—In Arlington, July 10, by the Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., Philip Lothrop Nazro of Cambridge and Flora Emma Fessenden of Arlington.

DIED

LIBBY.—In Portland, Me., July 6, Maria S., wife of Charles A. Libby, M. D., Arlington, aged 53 years, 3 months.

TO LET,

At Arlington Heights, a fine 6-room house, with bath and improvements. Four minutes to electric and steam cars. Magnificent view. Terms reasonable to right parties. Apply at this office.

FARM WANTED.

In Waltham, Lexington or vicinity suitable for sheep raising; high rough ground, with some woodland, preferred. Will buy, lease or contract with right party for the use of part of farm and care of stock; price must be low; give full particulars. P. O. box 2971, Boston. apr28tf

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Nice, pleasant Rooms to let, centrally located. Apply, 33 Lewis avenue.

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For one year or more, HOUSE and GROUDS at No. 22 Mill street, Arlington, Mass. Will put same in complete order. Apply for terms to A. J. Bastine, 19 Warren street, New York. feb3 6m

Boys' Short Pant Suits, $1.50, or with Extra Pair Pants, $1.75.

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NO FISH CART!
All goods delivered from Chopped Ice directly to your house.
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Accommodations for transients and table boarders. Stable connected. Telephone 56-2.
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We move you out or move you in, just which way you happen to be going, and guarantee you just as good a job as if you were always moving.
Piano and Furniture Moving.
We also have an express that runs too and from Boston daily, that will call for your parcels and deliver them promptly
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Window Screen and Screen Door Manufacturers
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Wall Paper and Hanging, Room Mouldings, Window Shades and Inside Painting, Picture Framing, Furniture Repairing and Repolishing. General House Work done in first-class manner.
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F. R. DANIELS,
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In Shop formerly occupied by Abel Lawrence,
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your hair from falling out by using
Whittemore's Quinine Hair Tonic,
Fully warranted.

ARLINGTON NEWS.

Hereafter, all preliminary notices of church fairs, socials, etc., to which an admission fee is asked, will only be inserted in these columns at the rate of 10 cents per line, unless an advertisement of such appears in our advertising columns.

The Melrose nine come up to face the home team today.

Mr. W. E. Wood and daughters, Annie and Helen, are at Hynesdale.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Bailey are at Kennebunkport for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Moore are at Lanesville with their little son.

Kimball, at the Heights, makes the best ice cream on earth. Try it.

Mrs. A. Foster Brooks and family are at their camp at Fayville, Mass.

Next Wednesday occurs the installation of the officers of Bethel lodge.

This week the sewer department have been laying pipes on Medford street.

Rev. C. H. Watson made a trip from his summer home on Tuesday to Arlington.

Ex-Gov. J. Q. A. Brackett and family leave today for Bradford, N. H., for the season.

The family of Mr. Frank W. Hodgdon are at Manchester, N. H., for the summer.

We announce this week the engagement of Mr. Egbert E. Stackpole to Miss Florence Gott.

The new offal cart was put on the first of the week. It is a decided improvement over the old one.

Mr. George A. Law starts to-day for a week's outing at Bolton. He is to ride up and back.

The new fire alarm boxes are now fully installed, and will be of great convenience to the officers.

Miss Ida G. Law has returned from Lakeport, N. H., where she has been spending two deilghtfull weeks.

Mrs. G. A. Law returned this week from Danvers where she has been enjoying a two week's vacation with relatives.

The usual Sunday morning service at the Universalist church at 10.45 tomorrow. Sunday school at noon. All are welcome.

Mr. R. Walter Hilliard will join his family at Birch island, Me., where they are for the season, as soon as he can fix his business.

Mr. Mark Sullivan, who had his leg broken at Combination park some four weeks ago, was out this week for the first time on crutches.

It is an interesting sight to watch Mr. H. W. Berthrong and his son, Louis, sketch and shade the pictures of McKinley and Roosevelt.

Miss Carrie Turnbull, the obliging and courteous young lady at Reed's news depot, is at Lake Sunapee, N. H., for a much-needed rest.

Mrs. Dale, at 610 Mass. avenue, can supply you with all kinds of house furnishings for these hot days. She has also hammocks in variety.

Mr. L. Wilson Tay of 207 Summer street has this week gone on his vacation. He will visit friends in Newport, R. I., for about two weeks.

Mrs. S. F. Hicks and her son, Trafford, Pleasant street, are guests of Mrs. H. W. Bullard at her Mountain Side cottage, at White Face, N. H.

Rev. S. C. Bushnell and family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Bassett from Thursday of this week until today at their cottage at Long pond, near Plymouth.

A large poster in the window of the A. V. F. A. announces the coming muster at Pepperell on July 28. Now is a good time to get in plenty of practice and so bring home the prize.

A good number of the members of Bethel lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., went to Malden on Wednesday evening with Dist. Deputy Chas. S. Richardson to install the officers of Middlesex lodge.

Mr. M. A. Ross of Brattle street attended the Orangemen's picnic at Lake Walden on Thursday. Mr. Ross was chosen one of the delegates to attend the triennial convention at New York, July 24-28.

Mr. William Whytal was present at the tenth annual reunion of the Mass. Association of Forty-niners at Hotel Preston, Beach Bluffs, Swampscott, on Thursday, which proved to be a very enjoyable occasion.

Monday evening the building on the banks of the Mystic, used for the packing of Alewives, was destroyed by fire. Before the department reached the fire it burned to the ground. It was of incendary origin.

Miss A. M. Robertson, who graduated with such high honors from our High school, has successfully passed the examinations at Radcliffe, where she will enter this fall. Miss Robertson is a scholar of rare ability.

MUSIC & FRENCH.

MADEMOISELLE STEPHENS,

late of Paris, France,

Will give lessons in Music and French at pupils' houses. Terms reasonable. Write or call.

355 MASS. AVENUE.

The installation of officers of Div. 43, A. O. H., will occur next Tuesday evening. The full county board will be present as well as the county president. A royal good time is anticipated and a collation will be served.

The Traders' association have decided to go to the camp of Mr. Warren A. Peirce, on the Concord river, Thursday, Aug. 2, Traders' day. Arrangements are under way and will be fully announced next week.

Mr. E. C. Litchfield made a trip to Arlington on Tuesday on business. He is looking unusually well and brown as a berry. The state of Maine just suits him. We were pleased to see our friend Litchfield and learn he was doing so well.

Miss Elizabeth Marble, the close companion of Mrs. J. P. Squire, who died so suddenly last week, was buried at Cornish, N. H., last Friday, the deceased's birthplace. Members of the Squire family were present.

The ball game Saturday between the Boat club and the old Union nine promises to be one of excitement. The latter club, or part of it, have been seen practicing nightly. It is two years since they played a game, and of course do not expect to win, but there will be some ball playing for all this.

Rev. C. P. Osborne, field secretary of the Boston Seaman's Friend society, who occupied the pulpit of the Congregational church last Sunday, gave much satisfaction to his hearers, who will henceforth feel a deeper interest than formerly in the welfare of the thousands of sailors who annually enter and leave the harbor of Boston.

Mr. George H. Hartwell, who has had a delightful visit with his father, sister and brother for some two months, started on his return trip homeward on Tuesday. During his visit here he has hugely enjoyed himself and met many of his old playmates and friends. He is to return to Los Angeles by way of Montreal and Great Lakes to Oregon and then by the Pacific coast some 1700 miles.

Gratto & Gamester have a large force of men at work laying the floor at St. Malachy's church. It will take another week to finish the job and put in the new pews. Settees will be used tomorrow. Now that the old altar is down, one can see the new altars and the decorations clearly, and fully realize the gigantic job which was undertaken some six months ago. The building of the towers is progressing rapidly, and when all is completed the pastor and parishioners of this church will have an edifice of which they will feel proud.

Many people at the Center did considerable criticising Wednesday afternoon as to the slowness of Ladder 1, but little they thought the joke was on them. This apparatus was ordered by Chief Gott not to go out of the house in case an alarm came in, as it was only a grass fire. It is all nonsense to have this heavy apparatus drawn up to the top of the hill for these kind of fires. The company, however, went up on the electrics to fight the same, and the "all out" was not sounded until 6.30. The drivers of our various houses are always on the alert and are out on the first round of box number, so in the future do not be hasty in your remarks for the chiefs and their men know best when there is an alarm and working at fires.

Correspondence.

White Face, N. H.,
July 9, 1900.

Dear Enterprise: We are coming to feel that our home has always been here in the mountains, so readily does nature in her better moods and in her sublimer manifestations take you into her confidence. So far as names are concerned, we have already made ourselves familiar with Israel, Guinea, Young, Black, Flat, White Face, Passaconway, Paugus, Wanalancet, Chocorua and the Ossipee range of mountains, and all these, be it remembered, are within easy sight of our cottage, aside from those which we see in Maine.

And then the primeval forests come literally in touch on every side, save immediately in front of us, where the valley to which we referred last week stretches itself away towards the Pine Tree state for a distance of seventy miles or more. Shut in as we are from the outside world, we quite agree with Byron as he declares, "There is society where none intrudes." We have here a royal companionship. With our present surroundings "we can select our friends," as one has said, "from the most richly gifted sons of God." Here "we walk in imagination with the noblest spirits through the most sublime and enchanting regions." Throughout all the mountainous portions of New Hampshire nature marshals her forces in grand array.

Well, our delightful situation grows upon us as the days succeed each other. During our time thus far we have been on several exploring expeditions, both on foot and by carriage; and yet, without a guide, it would hardly be safe for a new-comer to make his way into these dense forests, neither would it be safe for one alone to attempt to climb one of these mountains. You must necessarily have some John the Baptist going ahead to prepare the way. And yet unaccompanied by any guide, we have safely managed to get a tolerably clear notion of the lay of the land.

As regularly as the day comes we ride or walk that three miles to the post-office to mail our letters, and, what is better, to receive our mail from friends in "the clearin.'" And we may say that, in addition to our letters, we do not fail to buy a copy of the Boston Globe that we may learn what our friend, Mr. Nolan, has to say of Arlington and surrounding towns. And, by the way, Mr. Nolan is one of the brightest correspondents the Globe has on its staff of writers. Although yesterday was Sunday, we made our trip as usual to the post-office department, and a most delightful ride we had. The grandboy, Gardner, drove with evident delight, and with all that intelligent care which assured safety from the start, so we, perhaps not elegantly, but in a most comfortable way, put our feet on the dashboard and leaned back at an angle of 45 degrees, supremely happy.

Incidentally, we should mention the fact that we are within the sound of no church-going bell, so that we feel for the moment that we may go where we will, even on the Sabbath day. We are, however, trying to keep ourselves on the side of good morals while here at the mountains. The ride, we say, was "delightful," and so it was. But just as we reached our mountain-side cottage an ominous cloud came peeping over Mt. Black, so that we had hardly gotten ourselves well seated in our easy chair on the generous verandah when the rain swept down the valley in torrents. It was one of the grandest of sights to see that flood of rain moving at more than a 2.40 speed down along the long stretch of intervale toward the Maine line. At last the bright sunshine rested on the tip of the mountains, while at lesser heights the rain was putting in its best down-fall. At last came that brilliant and magnificent rainbow, which dates, you know, from that terrific down-pour of 40 days and 40 nights without any sort of let-up. The rainbow of Sunday came within reach of us, for it was apparently betwen the two mountains immediately near us, so near that we had serious thought of clipping a portion of it, that we might send a brilliant sample of the sun's reflective powers in this region to our Arlington readers. We shall not soon forget that wonderful display of the heavens above and of the earth beneath. How small all things appear as contrasted with nature's doings. When she gets at work in earnest we, "lords of creation," might as well take a back seat.

Besides our walks and our rides, we are doing not a little reading. Amid these timely and fitting surroundings we are re-reading W. H. H. Murray's "Adirondack Tales." We have fallen in love over again with Herbert, with good old John Norton, the trapper, and with "the man that didn't know much." We greatly enjoy the theology that Murray sandwiches in between his writings. To thoroughly know Murray as a writer, you must read him between the lines. W. H. H. Murray has proven himself one of the greatest benefactors to his countrymen, and especially to the theological world, inasmuch as he has popularized camp life in the woods. Murray is the father of the summer vacation spent in the backwoods. Taking his text from the gospel of nature, Murray has preached and is still preaching to his fellow-men that universal love which God everywhere reveals to his creatures through his works.

Other things which we have to say we must reserve for another letter. We must, however, in closing this communication, assure our readers that we are a good deal contented and happy "far from gay cities and the ways of men." WILSON PALMER.

PERFUME AND DISEASE.

Nature Practical, Not Poetical, In Scattering Sweet Blossoms.

A French physician has decided that perfumes prevent people from taking certain diseases. During an epidemic his attention was attracted to the fact that persons who constantly used perfumes escaped taking the disease. But he found that the more delicate perfumes, like violet, lavender, attar of rose, were more efficacious than musk and strong, rank essences.

Beccaria, the famous Italian botanist, long ago advised city officials to plant trees and shrubs with odoriferous blossoms or fragrant leaves along the highways, courts and parks of cities, because these strong odors produce ozone, and thereby purify the air and make the city more healthful to human beings confined to city streets or narrow, sunless courts and alleys.

Indeed nature teaches us some of her delicate mysteries and farreaching processes when she plants tuberoses, orange trees, the night blooming cereus and other shrubs and blossoms with such rich and oft well nigh overpowering odors in tropic lands to neutralize the danger of fevers and malaria arising from dense vegetation or damp, unwholesome marshes and rivers.

Who of us can resist the charm to the senses of great masses of white and purple lilacs with countless bees murmuring round the fragrant spikes of blossoms—the pure, delightful perfume not too strong in the open air under the radiant sun of May? And lilacs are so vigorous, are easily grown on any soil and very long lived. Only an expert could tell how old some lilacs on a great-grandfather's old place are, with the gnarled trunks and vigorous masses of green and blossoms in May.—Boston Transcript.

IRONCLAD FEVER.

A Peculiar Disease That Was Killed by Ventilation.

In the fight between the Monitor and Merrimac it was found that there was not sufficient air in the turreted steamer for the crew and that the suffocating gases generated by the explosion of gunpowder found their way below and rendered it practically impossible for the men to work. Necessity therefore compelled the introduction of some apparatus for artificial ventilation.

The old methods in vogue for hundreds of years had been retained even under the new conditions and but for the striking exhibition of direct interference with fighting capacity would have remained for many years longer. In the Monitor was placed a rotary blower, worked by steam. Air was thus drawn from one half of the steamer through a system of pipes and forced into the other. Various changes were made in later ironclads of this period. In some the air was drawn down the turrets and forced throughout the vessel, thus rendering them more than ever liable to suffocate the men below in battle, while in others the supply was obtained through armored cylinders and forced out through the turrets.

It was in the early ironclads that a peculiar disease developed which, being confined to those vessels, was soon designated ironclad fever. In this affection the initial symptoms were much like those of typhus, but in a short time severe occipital pain was followed by complete aphonia and this by coma and death. The introduction of ventilating appliances caused the disappearance of this singular disease, and in time these metal boxes, almost entirely submerged, came to be regarded as probably the most salubrious vessels afloat.—Cassier's Magazine.

SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND.

An Immense Sum Expended Annually In This Form of Sport.

As to the sums spent on shooting in Scotland, so large is the total that it is a difficult matter to arrive even at an approximate estimate. In Perthshire alone there are 465 shootings, of which about four-fifths are let to tenants and bring in about £150,000 a year, or an average of £400 a year, which seems about a fair estimate if it be borne in mind that this is an expensive country and that 50 of its best shootings bring £35,000, or an average of £700 a year. In the whole of Scotland there are about 4,000 shootings, and as each of them must at least employ one keeper and one gillie during the shooting season some estimate may be formed of the money expended in wages and the number of people employed.

In the deer forests and on the larger shootings there will often be from four to six men permanently engaged and from six to eight others working for the shooting season only. In a well known forest where I once spent many pleasant days there were three foresters, three gillies and three pony men out each day. On the grouse ground there were three keepers, with three underkeepers, a kennel man and two carriers going to and from the nearest railway station, a total of 18 men and five horses, not to mention the ponies kept for riding into the forest and those kept to carry grouse panniers. On this property three rifles could stalk each day, while three other parties of two each could shoot grouse, or the six could combine for driving.—Chambers' Journal.

Dead Letter Curios.

In postoffice transactions the lack of ingenuity and even of ordinary common sense is astonishing. The curios of the dead letter office include envelopes legibly cross marked "Return if not delivered" or "If not called for in five days, return to sender" without a word of further specifications. Others bear names without topographical data: "Hermann Kemper, painter and decorator, successor to Ritchie Bros. & Co." Workingmen, foreigners especially, often seem to credit mail clerks with the gift of geographical clairvoyance: "Jan Jansen, at the miners' boarding house, or, perhaps, stops at Mrs. Baumgarten's place"—no town to hint about the state or county of the mining camp. "Please deliver as soon as possible" some such letters are marked and seem often to have been plastered with an extra stamp in the hope of inducing the carrier to give the matter his earliest attention.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Appeals to Fear.

The appeals to fear have well nigh ceased, and yet there is no fact which we are so compelled to see as the fact of retribution. The law of retribution works in our present life. We become aware of it in our earliest infancy, and we never become developed in character until we have learned to fear that which is evil and to shun the consequences of sin. There is a sense of righteousness in all men, and all men know that unrighteousness brings punishment. It is fair to assume that what is a part of man's very structure here will continue hereafter. We may give up entirely the notion of a material hell, but we cannot give up the doctrine of retribution. Suffering must follow sin, and therefore to appeal to fear is not only legitimate, but it is in accordance with the structure of man's nature.—North American Review.

Why Wigwag Rejoiced.

Mr. Wigwag—Did the new carpet arrive all right?

Mrs. Wigwag—Yes; it came intact.

Mr. Wigwag—Hooray! Hip! Hip! That lets me out!

Mrs. Wigwag—What in the world are you talking about?

Mr. Wigwag—Why, didn't you say it came in tacked?—Philadelphia Record

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Arlington, Mass.

The most healthful and delightful winter home in the north. Convenient to trains and electrics. Commands a magnificent view. Cuisine and service unsurpassed. Carriages always at Robbins road. Telephones, billiard and pool rooms, bowling alleys, golf links, music.

Terms: $3 per day, $12 to $20 per week.

Telephone, 155-4 Arlington **L. B. WILLIAMS, Manager.**

Something Sweet and Tempting.

can be found at all times in our choice baking of ornamental and layer cakes, fancy cakes, loaf and fancy cakes, fine pastry, delicious breads, rolls, biscuits and bake-stuffs of all kinds, that will suit the most epicurean palate. Don't waste time and money baking when we will serve you with goods baked from the highest grade materials at low prices.

N. J. HARDY.

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Shop, 450 Mass. ave., opp. Medford st. Residence, 51 Lewis Ave.

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Ice Cold Soda,

Moxie, etc.,

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Arlington Central Pharmacy

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Opp. Soldiers' Monument.

Order Box Faneuil Hall Market.

Baggage checked to all depots and steamboat wharves or transferred to destination.

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Perfect Style, Fit and Finish

in all made-to-order garments.

Glad to have you examine our handsome line of Overcoating, Suiting and Trouser Goods. Special attention given to Dyeing, Pressing and Repairing Clothing of all kinds.

JOHN D. ROSIE,

Ladies' and Gent's Fine Tailoring,

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KNOWLES & MARDEN,

PLUMBERS.

Furnaces, Ranges, Steam,

Hot Water, and Gas Fixtures, and Kitchen Furnishings

483 MASS. AVENUE.

Boston and Maine R. R. Southern Division.

Summer arrangement. In effect June. 25, 1899.

TRAINS TO BOSTON.

Arlington Heights—4.45, 6.05, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04 8.37, 8.53, 10.07, 11.19, A. M., 12.18, 1.00, 2.18, 3.54 4.46, 5.19, 6.47, 8.18, 9.18, 10.18 P M. Sunday, 9.24, A. M., 12.58, 2.23, 3.11, 4.35, 6.15, 8.25,

Brattle—4.47, 6.08, 6.38, 7.06. 8.06, 8.56, 10.09, 11.21 A. M., 12.20, 1.02, 2.20, 3.56, 4.48, 5.21 6.50 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, P. M. Sundays, 9.27, A. M. 1.00 2.25, 3.14, 4.38, 6.18, 8.28, P. M.

Arlington—4.50, 6.12, 6.42, *7.09, 7.12, *7.39, 7.42 7.56, *8.09, 8.16, *8.41, 9.00, 9.37, 10.12, 11.24, A. M. 12.23, 1.05, 2.23, 2.52, 3.59, 4.51, 5.24, 5.46, 6.20, *6.53, 6.56, 7.15, 8.23, 9.23, 10.23, P. M. Sundays 9.30, A. M., 1.03, 2.28, 3.17, 4.40, 6.21, 8.31, P. M.

Lake Street—5.38, 6,15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.03, 8.20 9.03, 10.15, 11.26, A. M., 12.25. 1.08, 2.25, 4.01 4.36, 4.30, 5.26, 5.49, 6.23, 6.59, 7.18, 8.25, 9.25, 10.25, P. M. Sundays, 9.33, A. M. 1.05, 2.31, 3.20, 4.43, 6 24, 8.34, P. M.

*Express.

TRAINS FROM BOSTON.

Arlington Heights—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17 11.17, M., 12.17, 1.25, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17. 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.

Brattle—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17 1.47, 2.47, 4.17, 5.17, 5.31, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15. 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M., 12.50 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.

Arlington—6.25, 6.42, 7.01, *7.17, 7.29, 7.46, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.25, 1.47 2.47 3.47 4.17, *4.47, 5.04, *5.17, 5.31, *5.47, 5.55, 6.04, *6.17 6.34, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.

Lake Street—6.25, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17. A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 4.17, 5.04, 5.31, 5.55, 6.04, 6.34, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.

*Express.

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Is certainly better than to have the wrong kind; for by using those which are unsuitable, new errors of refraction are caused. But with the right glasses, original, progressive or acquired errors are corrected and pass away as if they never existed. I take great pains with my corrections and my fittings, and make no charge for thorough examinations.

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BLAMED THE GOVERNMENT.

But Had the Letters in His Pocket All the Time.

"See here, young fellow," shouted an angry visaged business man with his head up close to the stamp window in the postoffice. "You are a pretty lot of incompetents that the government hires to transact the nation's mail business."

"What's the matter, sir?" asked the clerk, calm by long familiarity with such outbursts.

"Why, I mailed a letter to Cleveland last week that was of the utmost importance, and it has not reached its destination yet. I have come here to kick, and to kick right hard."

"You're in the wrong pew, my dear sir. Go to the superintendent of mails, and he will fix you up."

The indignant "business man" was passed on from department to department until he finally ran up against the authority competent to handle the matter.

"Such things do sometimes happen," he was informed in the conciliatory words of the superintendent. "We'll send our tracer after your letter. To whom was it addressed? Tell us where and when you mailed it."

"It was a plain envelope," explained the still angry customer. "I usually use a 'return' envelope, but had reasons for using a plain one in this instance. Here is one (fumbling in his pocket) like it. By George, let me look at that again. I'll be hanged if that isn't the very letter. I haven't even addressed it yet."

As he vanished down the corridor there was no suggestion of apology left behind.—Detroit Free Press.

A Misunderstanding.

"My dear," said a gentleman to his wife, "where did all those books on astronomy on the library come from? They are not ours."

"A pleasant little surprise for you," responded the lady. "You know, you said this morning that we ought to study astronomy, and so I went to a bookshop and bought everything I could find on the subject."

It was some minutes before he spoke. "My dear," he then said slowly, his voice husky with emotion, "I never said we must study astronomy. I said that we must study economy."—Pearson's Weekly.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Mr. Harry White started on Wednesday for Porto Rico.

Miss Florence Streeter is spending several weeks in Lynn.

Rev. Mr. McAlpine very acceptably preached last Sabbath in the Baptist chapel.

You can't afford to be without Kimball's ice cream on your table this hot weather.

Rev. A. W. Lorimer is passing a pleasant vacation, camping, yachting, etc., in Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Bean are at home again, after a delightful outing at Mt. Desert.

Mr. Earl Beddoes, 1273 Mass. avenue, has gone to Maynard to pass a portion of his vacation.

Instead of Gloucester, as named last week, the M. M. Club took in the beauties of Nahant.

Let us have laws made in the town which will prohibit these unsightly structures going up.

Mrs. Chas. G. Brockway accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. B. Rankin, are at Diamond island, Me.

Rev. J. W. Bridgham of Cambridgeport will occupy the pulpit of the Heights Baptist church tomorrow.

All the week crowds of picnic parties have come to the Heights from the city to spend the day in the woods.

There was a large company of Cuban teachers at the Heights Sunday. They were a jolly, good-natured crowd.

Today Mr. Wilson W. Fay and family of 9 Appleton place go to Little Compton, R. I., for their summer outing.

The old ladies held a lawn party at Mrs. E. A. Jacobs', on Park avenue, Wednesday, and a delightful time was had.

Mrs. H. T. Elder is about to build a fine house on the spring lot opposite her own residence, on Westminster avenue.

Mr. C. A. Cushing writes that he has reached his destination and is much impressed with the beauties of that country.

We are pleased to announce that Mrs. Dean has leased from Mr. Stone her present store site, as a removal would greatly decrease her newspaper sales.

Mr. Streeter of Claremont avenue has returned from his vacation, which was enjoyably spent, much browned from his long trip on the wheel in western Massachusetts.

Lexington, the horse owned by Mr. W. B. Farmer, met with a serious accident at Dover, N. H., on Tuesday, thus losing his chance of wining the race which it undoubtedly would have done.

Some animal, probably a weasel, or something of that nature, nightly invades the hen and chicken coops at the Heights, leaving its victims either partly eaten or with the blood drawn from their necks.

That Miss Daisy A. Swadkins has been chosen to play the new electric organ at the Shawmut congregational church in Boston, is a worthy tribute to Miss Swadkins as an artist in the department of music.

Tomorrow the services at the Baptist church, corner of Westminster and Park avenues, will be: Preaching at 10.45, Sunday school at 12, evening service at 7. Weekly Friday evening prayer meeting at 7.45. Pastor, Rev. A. W. Lorimer; residence, 144 Forest street.

We are informed upon good authority that the Crescent hall building will soon undergo a radical change. The building is to be extended to the sidewalk on the Park avenue side, plate-glass windows put in and the hall converted into suites. It is evident Mr. J. Prescott Gage has an eye to business.

It is the opinion of many people hereabouts that the thanks of the residents of Crescent Hill should be extended to the fire department for their efficiency in subduing the fire on Thursday. The gentleman near whose property the fire occurred is especially grateful, and voices the general sentiment that particular mention is deserving in this instance.

If there are no restrictions on the land upon which the cheap and unsightly wooden building is being erected at the corner of Mass. and Park avenues it is a pity. It is silly nonsense, however, to criticise the Improvement association, for they are helpless, there being no laws to prevent this structure going up. With the two handsome blocks on the opposite side and Crescent hall soon to be remodelled, it seems a shame that any property owner should have so little regard for the appearance of a prominent locality.

The coolest place at the Heights is

Callaghan's Waiting-room

Ice Cream, Lunch, Confectionery, Soda from pure juices, while waiting for a Lexington car. Don't forget to call.
je9tf

Enterprise, $1.00

Conspicuous in many ways are the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The region is one grand wonderland, and every turn brings the visitor to some attraction in which nature's marvelous embellishments are displayed. The famed "Crawford Notch," "The Flume," "The Old Man," "Elephant's Head," "The Lake of the clouds," the gulf, the ravines and cascades are but a few of the many more notable features with which it would seem this region has been so extravagantly endowed. One hardly realizes how imposing the mountain surroundings are until a visit has been paid them, but a slight idea of some of their principal attractions may be gained from perusing the "Mountain Hand Book" issued by the Boston & Maine railroad, and for pictorial views of the mountains the Boston & Maine portfolio known as "Mountains of New England," will prove interesting and iustructive. The first-mentioned book is sent for a two-cent stamp, the latter for six cents in stamps to any address upon application to the Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine railroad, Causeway street, Boston, Mass.

FROM HAND TO MOUTH.

They give me maxims old and new
To bid me mend my ways
And save enough to see me through
All of my mortal days.
And since I now have prudent grown
My duty 'tis—no less—
To chide in no uncertain tone
Dame Nature's recklessness.

Think, madam, of the sunshine rich
You squandered when 'twas June;
Think of the blossom treasures which
Lay withering 'neath each noon.
The miser bee quaffs in his lair
The sweets which once you spread,
And you, what have you for your share
With bloom and sunshine fled?

A little winter with its woe,
A little want and pain,
And summer's smile again will glow
Beyond the April rain.
Your deep breath sighs a sad "alas,"
Yet, when 'tis June once more,
You'll feast each wanderer who may pass,
A spendthrift as of yore.

—Washington Star.

The Same Old Way.

Curious Old Lady—How did you come to this, poor man?

Convict—I was drove to it, lady.

Curious Old Lady—Were you really?

Convict—Yes; they brung me in the Black Maria, as usual!—Collier's Weekly.

A Truthful Man.

Miss Plainface (earnestly)—But if I had not all this money do you think you could still be happy with me?

Mr. Seekrox (startled, but equal to the emergency)—A—a—a—happy is not the word for it!—Brooklyn Life.

The oldest German coal mines were first worked in 1195. They are near Worms. England did not begin to mine its coal until the fourteenth century.

It cannot be too often repeated that it is not helps, but obstacles, not facilities, but difficulties, that make men and bring final success.--Success.

A DIPLOMATIC LIBRARIAN.

He Pleased the Politician Without Giving His Friend a Position.

When Mr. Putnam was the head of the Public library in Boston, a ward leader of that city called on him to recommend a henchman for a place in the library.

There was no reason why the librarian should not have refused at once and peremptorily to appoint him, but he chose to follow another course.

After a few minutes' talk with the politician Mr. Putnam asked him whether he had ever been through all the departments of the institution.

"I never have, but I'd like to see it," replied the politician.

"It will give me much pleasure to go with you," said Mr. Putnam.

Mr. Putnam took him behind the counters and through the building from top to bottom, explaining the character and the magnitude of the work in detail. He further pointed out, without seeming to do so, the varied duties of the employees and the attainments they must possess to do the work. When the tour was ended, Mr. Putnam said:

"I'm pleased to have had a chance to show the library to you, and if your friend will fill out an application blank and send it, and if he passes the necessary examination, I think there will be no difficulty in placing his name on the waiting list."

The politician, however, had seen enough of library work to convince him that his constituent could find no place on the staff, and the blank was never filled out. But to the day he left Boston Mr. Putnam had no warmer admirer in that city than this same ward leader.—Collier's Weekly.

Talismans In China.

The belief in the potency of charms, etc., is very widespread among the lower class Chinese and the Shans in parts of Yunnan. The latter in particular have all kinds of amulets to ward off evil, the gem of their collection being one which confers invulnerability on the wearer. This useful quality may also be obtained, I was informed, by undergoing a very painful process of tattooing. During my trip I was shown a "dragon's nest," which looked like a bit of the horsehair stuffing from a foreign saddle, guaranteed to render the purchaser's house safe from fire, and a "female deer's horn," which would enable the fortunate owner to walk a great distance without fatigue.

Not being a landed proprietor or a professional sprinter, I had no use for these things, and though I entered into negotiations with several people for the talisman which would render me invulnerable none of them was willing to stand the test of western skepticism—a revolver at 30 paces—even though I offered them an enormous sum and a handsome funeral in case of accident.—Geographical Journal.

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D. L. TAPPAN, Prop. 269 Mass. Ave., Arlington
TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

C. A. CUSHING, Arlington Heights, WILLIAM WHYTAL, Finance Block,
YERXA & YERXA, Post-office Block

Sell Belmont Crystal Spring Water.

Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. Orders taken at H. A. Perham's Drug Store, P. O. Block, will receive immediate attention.

A. BOWMAN,

Ladies' and Gent's **TAILOR,**

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Our meats are carefully selected. Our vegetables are grown on Arlington farms. For your patronage we will try to please and guarantee all goods as represented.

Stores, 12 and 14 Pleasant Street,

AILEEN.

I know a winsome little girl
Whose dancing feet are light
A thistle down that breezes whirl
To float in sunshine bright—
A little girl with witching eyes
That smile like sunny summer skies
Upon whose blue no clouds arise
And in them mischief lies.

A happy heart that singing goes
To mate with dancing feet,
A guileless heart that only knows
Whate'er of life that's sweet;
A dainty blossom, pink and white,
Capricious as a fairy sprite
That could not live without sunlight
And careless love would blight.

'Tis sad to think that years may fleet
And bring a woman's dower
To still those happy, dancing feet
With sorrow's heavy power,
But love that watched the blossom rare
Will surely keep the ripe fruit fair
And teach the woman's heart to bear
Whate'er may come of care.

—Mary Devereux in Boston Transcript.

PURSUED BY REDCOATS

Brave Jane's Thrilling Escape From British Officers—How She Outwitted Them.

During the Revolutionary war many deeds of valor were performed by people whose names have never been heard of by the present generation, but whose daring acts did much to foster the cause of liberty. The Hillards were a well known family in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and while they had never been discovered in direct communication with the Continental army it was fairly understood among the British troops that they were using their influence to aid the colonists.

"I should like nothing better," an English officer was saying, "than to capture one of that family, march him to headquarters and make him give an account of himself."

"Perhaps," a fellow officer returned, "you would not enjoy the capture of the young daughter of the household, who, it is said, is afraid of nothing this side of the sea. It is said that she is one of the most expert horsewomen in the colonies and is out scouring the country over at daybreak and does not return till dark."

"It is neither prudent nor womanly," replied another, "and if I can once get sight of her I'll give the damsel such a scare that she'll be glad to stay at home with her spinning."

Jane Hillard, a beautiful girl of 15, was standing at her horse's side, patting its glossy neck, while her mother was saying:

"I like not the thought of your going so far from home alone when the country round is infested with British soldiers."

"Why, mother," laughed the girl as she sprang into the saddle, "I know every inch of the ground as well as I know our own dooryard. And what can happen to me? There is no horse so fleet as mine, and I promise to take good care of myself." And, giving the mare a touch with her whip, she went flying down the driveway toward the public road.

Jane rode along the smooth highway, every now and then looking over her shoulder to see whether any had noticed her during her swift trip. And at last, when she came to a large clump of elder bushes, she reined in the mare, raised herself in the saddle and gazed in all directions. Seeing no one, she gave three short whistles, which were at once answered. She then started the horse and in a moment had reached a thick underbrush a few rods off the public road. A young man came forward, raised his cap respectfully and said:

"Good day, Mistress Hillard. You are prompt in keeping an appointment."

"Good day, sir," she answered quickly. "I am glad I have not kept you waiting, though," she added. "I came near not being here at all. This day of all others my mother objected to my riding. The country is filled with soldiers, and she was afraid harm might come to me."

"Does she know of this meeting?" the man asked quickly.

"No one knows of it," the girl replied, "and I am sure I have not been noticed on my way here."

"That is well," her companion answered. "I am trusting you with a most important message which must be in the hands of General Washington within 12 hours. If it is discovered, it means death to me and confusion to our troops. You are in great danger carrying it." And he hesitated a moment before placing in her hands, which were outstretched eagerly, a neatly corded packet. "But I see no other way," he added, and, handing it to the girl, he was soon out of sight.

Jane placed the precious message within her riding cap and had gone but a short distance when, on looking over her shoulder, great was her consternation to discover in the distance a party of English officers.

Jane Hillard was a brave girl, but her heart sank as she thought of the important letter intrusted to her, all that it meant to the Continental army if it were discovered and what would be her probable fate if she were made a prisoner of war. She put the spurs to her horse, and then began a ride which was an important one for the cause of liberty. On they went, the girl urging the mare over the uneven road, well knowing that one misstep meant certain capture and probable death, while the redcoats followed with wonderful speed.

"We are gaining!" cried one. "I'll wager that at the next turn of the road we shall catch her."

The men fairly flew over the road to the point beyond the bend where they expected to capture Mistress Hillard, and great was their surprise to discover that she was not only beyond their reach, but that she had completely disappeared! The men who had regarded the race as simply a joke to frighten the girl now vowed to find her and take her before the commandant.

"We'll ride right to her father's door, and the one who finds her and brings her before the officer of the day shall receive a liberal reward."

Jane Hillard spoke truly when she said she knew the country ground, and when she saw that the British were in pursuit of her she decided on a desperate move. At a point hidden from the highway she vaulted her horse over the hedge, turned down the edge of a creek, and by the time her disappearance was discovered she was carefully skirting her way through her father's orchard. In a few moments she was galloping over the grass at the edge of the driveway and soon arrived at the Hillard homestead.

No one was in sight, and the girl hastily sprang from the saddle, opened the door and, leading her horse into the kitchen, securely fastened the great bar across the entrance. With great caution she led the mare through the living room, down the wide hall and the length of the state parlor into a little bedroom. She closed every door behind her, and when she took the horse into the sleeping room she quite filled the space between the enormous bed and the old fashioned, dimity draped dressing table.

"There!" she whispered, unfastening the saddle girth. "The redcoats won't get us this time, my girl."

In the meantime the officers rode up the lane to the Hillard mansion, carefully looking for tracks in the dust, and one man knocked at the kitchen door so loudly with his riding whip that Mrs. Hillard hastily answered the summons, coming out of the cellar, where she had been assisting the maids in skimming the cream.

"We are looking," said the man, "for a maiden who rides about the country on a bay mare. She is, I believe, your daughter, madam."

"My daughter!" stammered Mrs. Hillard. "What can you possibly want of her?"

"We believe," went on the officer, "that she is carrying treasonable messages to the Continental army."

"Why, sirs," cried the mother, "you are greatly mistaken. Jane is but a child, and she knows no more of the ways of war than yonder lamb."

"Know you where she is at present?" one of them asked.

"She left the house an hour ago," was the reply, "and I expect her home at any moment."

"Well, madam," said the first speaker, "if you will assure me that she is doing no mischief and promise me that she holds no communication with the Continentals, we will bid you good afternoon."

"I will also promise you," returned Mrs. Hillard, "that hereafter she shall do her riding on her own estate, and I pledge you my honor that she has not nor shall she hold any communication with the Continental army."

There was great consternation in the household when Jane led her horse from out the best bedroom and told the story of her flight and her manner of escape.

Late that night, when all the household was asleep, a little figure stole out and in a few seconds placed in the hands of the waiting messenger a packet, which was in the possession of General Washington before dawn. And that day the Continental army gained a great victory.

Several months afterward General Washington took dinner with the Hillard family, making the journey out of Philadelphia to personally thank the young girl who had risked so much for the cause so dear to her heart, her astonished family then hearing of it for the first time. The commander in chief of the army also wrote Jane Hillard a letter, which he signed, "Your faithful friend, G. Washington."

The Hillard mansion is yet standing, and in the best bedroom and on the threshold of the state parlor are still to be seen the hoof marks of the faithful horse that carried the messenger when Jane Hillard risked so much for the cause of liberty.—Troy Northern Budget.

Caught a Tartar.

The burglar had entered the house as quietly as possible, but his shoes were not padded, and they made some noise.

He had just reached the door of the bedroom when he heard some one moving in the bed as if about to get up, and he paused.

The sound of a woman's voice floated to his ears.

"If you don't take off your boots when you come into this house," it said, "there's going to be trouble, and a whole lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours, and you dare to tramp over my carpets with your muddy boots on. Go down stairs and take them off this minute!"

He went down stairs without a word, but he didn't take off his boots. Instead he went straight out into the night again, and the "pal" who was waiting for him saw a tear glisten in his eye.

"I can't rob that house," he said. "It reminds me of home."

The Native Blarney.

Speaking of the soft answer which turns away wrath, the Muscotah Record notes that a little Irish boy in the local school was recently reproved by his teacher for some misdoing. "I saw you do it, Jerry," said the teacher. "Yes," replied the lad; "I tells them there ain't much you don't see wid them purty black eyes of yourn."

Getting at the Facts.

He—How I envy that man who just sang the solo!

She—Why, I thought he had an exceptionally poor voice!

He—Oh, it isn't his voice I envy; it's his nerve!—Chicago News.